



# THE *Griffon*

Volume 1

Number 1

**JUNE, 1953**

**RCAF**

**EDMONTON**

**AND**

**NAMA0**

•

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# "THIS IS NUMBER ONE"

Welcome to the first issue of the "Griffon." Let us hope that this is the beginning of a long and happy association. As a member of R.C.A.F. Station, Edmonton or Namao, or a dependent, you are a shareholder in this publication. So we will give you a quick run down on how the "Griffon" came into being and what we hope to achieve.

We were asked by higher authority, a few weeks back, whether or not we had a Station magazine. The reply of course was "no." Then, being reasonable people, we asked ourselves "why not"? In the absence of a reasonable answer we permitted ourselves to dwell on the possibilities of such an undertaking. "Surely" we reasoned, "with all the talent on the Station, plus the airman's natural ability to tell stories, we should be able to raise a pretty ambitious publication." A few phone calls produced promises of help from some good, solid characters. The only real problem left was that of finance, so we contacted people who specialize in such sordid matters. They came up with the carefully considered opinion that if the magazine was good it could be supported by advertising. We decided that it would be good, and having got the Commanding Officer's blessing, went ahead and produced this, the first issue. It is quite obvious that an undertaking such as this soon dies without nourishment. If the Station at large gives support it will become really good and remain so. Also it will be truly a Station magazine. We hope to carry items of interest to all readers, so let us have your articles, jokes, photos and what-have-you. Just put them in an envelope and address them to "The Editor," Griffon.

We feel that this is a good plan, so let's all help to make it work.

—L.W.F.B.



## THE GRIFFON

Official organ of the R.C.A.F.,  
Edmonton and Namao.

Printed by kind permission of  
Group Captain H. E. Walker, C.D.,  
Commanding Officer.

Views expressed are not necessarily  
those of the R.C.A.F. or the editors.

Volume 1                      Number 1  
JUNE, 1953

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All contributions should be addressed  
to, The Editor, Griffon.



Another R.C.A.F. Station magazine has been created. R.C.A.F. Stations and units have been producing magazines and papers almost since the R.C.A.F. was created. Some of these publications have been excellent, others not so good, many of them gradually disappeared and stopped after the initial enthusiasm had died down. Let us keep ours vigorously alive.

What is the purpose of a Station magazine? Why does a group of the more interested personnel on a unit band together and work long, off-duty hours, with no remuneration or thanks, to produce a magazine? The only answer to the questions is that these people realize that such a publication will be of real interest to the unit personnel. It will give, other than through the media of D.R.O. and other sundry forms of directives, reading material about people and activities and Station life from a more personal side; it will add a little humour and a little information on the more serious side. The magazine staff is attempting to make life just a little more interesting. There is only one way to make sure this magazine remains alive and active—help the people who are producing it by submitting ideas, information, pearls of wisdom, etc. Don't leave everything up to the staff. If everyone shows an interest the magazine will surely be a success—I think it is going to be—let us support it and reap the benefits!

—H. E. Walker, C.O.

# Dear Air Force Wives

Here at Johnstone Walker's we pride ourselves on the varied and complete range of children's clothes which we carry. Clothes of quality for your growing girls and boys . . . clothes made by nationally known makers with famous names that guarantee your satisfaction.

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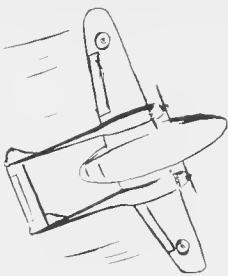
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# MEET 435



## Transport Squadron

In little more than fifty years, the problem of logistics and supply of Canadian forces in Western Canada has developed from horse and pack mule through trucks and busses to the present long range heavy duty transport aircraft. As the Second World War, with its development of northern bases, proved, the only satisfactory means of supplying these areas is by the rapid development and use of the airways.

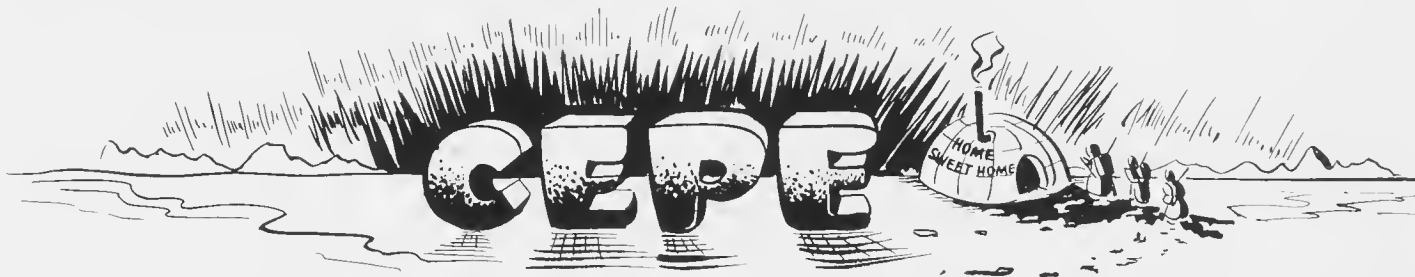
Recognizing this, the R.C.A.F. placed in service in Western Canada, 435 Transport Squadron. With its fleet of C119 and Dakota aircraft, 435 Squadron is presently capable of handling any R.C.A.F. transportation in the north and west with the exception of communications and rescue services.

The C119 aircraft, manufactured by the Fairchild company in Hagerstown, Maryland, is a multi-purpose medium transport capable of transporting loads in excess of 64,000 pounds; greater than any other aircraft in service in the R.C.A.F. today. An example of the aircraft's load lifting capacity, was the recent evacuation of a complete Sabre jet fighter from Goose Bay, Labrador to Montreal by a C119 of 435 Squadron. The C119 is a twin-engined, twin-boom, high-wing, all-metal

monoplane equipped with tricycle undercarriage. The fuselage resembles rather closely, a freight train boxcar; hence the name "Flying Boxcar" which has been appended to this aircraft.

In addition to its employment as a cargo carrier, the C119 may be used in the role of troop or paratroop carrier with facilities for supply dropping, as an air evacuation aircraft when fitted with litters, for emergency evacuation of stricken areas and as a glider tug. For these purposes, in addition to its normal crew of five, the aircraft can accommodate 62 persons or 35 litters or 62 persons plus 14 litters. The C119's capabilities are therefore far in advance of any present requirements of the R.C.A.F.

At the present time the C119 is being employed on 435 (T) Squadron for routine heavy transportation flights, for carrying out Service Flight 1 and 2 to Whitehorse, for special purposes and for continuous training. In the near future 435 (T) Squadron will carry out a training program for personnel of 4 (T) OTU who will take over the training of all crews for Air Transport Command thus relieving 435 of the necessity of conducting their own conversion to type.



### CENTRAL EXPERIMENTAL AND PROVING ESTABLISHMENT, CLIMATIC DETACHMENT, NAMAQ

The primary object of the C.E.P.E. is to operate selected new aircraft under winter conditions, thereby discovering the difficulties involved and attempting to solve them. Generally speaking, the difficulties are all too apparent, the remedies are rather more coy and have to be coaxed! However, solutions are found, as any student of the history of the Unit will know.

The Detachment is commanded by Wing Commander R. M. Aldwinckle, D.F.C., with Squadron Leader C. R. Thompson as his deputy and Chief Project Engineer. The rest of the Unit personnel are as mixed and varied as any advocate of combined service organization could reasonably wish. Although predominately R.C.A.F., there is a liberal sprinkling of R.C.N., R.N., R.A.F., British Ministry of Supply and representatives of the Canadian, British and American aviation industries. As might be expected, this somewhat cosmopolitan mixture blends well and produces the required results.

The aircraft involved in the annual battle of wits between the manufacturers and the users in the 1952/53 season were as varied in appearance and role as the proverbial chalk and cheese, ranging as they did from a Sabre to a C119 and including a Vampire, Venom Canuck, Mitchell, Sea Hawk and Attacker. Add to this already impressive list a Harvard (for training) and a Dakota (for transport), and it will be seen that the task of servicing them alone was formidable, quite apart from leaving them out all night and inviting trouble!

The season was not without incident as far as the actual flying was concerned, and in this respect F/L Janzen, the project engineer, and pilot of the Venom must come in for special mention for two reasons. Firstly he produced the first supersonic bangs ever heard in Alberta in the Sabre. Secondly he landed safely in the Venom after being on fire in the air, and in fact was still on fire when he landed! There has been some suggestion that he was tired of the Venom and wanted to fly the other aircraft, but so far this is just another story and has not been confirmed by the officer concerned.

—G.W.J.



# Now There Sallied Forth

from the place called Station Edmonton three warriors of the air, clad in soiled raiment, shod in leather that did lack lustre and with their hair of greater length than that prescribed in the regulations issued by they that rule. Having escaped the eye of the centurions and he that is called S.W.O., they passed congratulations one unto the other and made their way unto the market place wherein was the house that did serve ale. When seated, they hailed one clad in white raiment, called Mac, and asked that six flagons be put before them. Ere he that was called Mac had had time to place their gold in the hands of the publican he was hailed again, and was urged to place before them "the same again." Oft times were their voices raised asking that more of the fragrant brew be set before them until they that were close did shake their heads and opine that the warriors did have legs that were hollow. Their soldierly bearing left them and their speech slurred.

When the pot that was called the till was full to overflowing, the publican ordered they that wore white to beseech they that remained in the ale house to depart unto their dwellings. The warriors of the air, even though the brew did splash from their ears, did speak up to one of those in white and say, "Button up thy lip, Bub, and fetch six more flagons." This manner of speech did naught but anger he that they had called Bub, and he, being of a noble build did assist them in their departure in such a manner as to cause them to enter the courtyard upon their ears.

Now in the courtyard, talking one to the other, were merchants, and they witnessed the landing of the warriors, and said, "What manner of men are these that defend us?"

"Never shall we permit our sons to take up the sword and become such as these." The warriors being of dulled sense did offer to do battle with the merchants, not realizing that it was they, that with their taxes did pay for their corn, their raiment, their swords and even the tents they dwelt in. One of the merchants, who, in his youth had carried the sword and was wise, did utter the word "SWO.", and lo, the warriors did pale beneath their grogblossom and did depart quick like unto a rabbit.

The warriors, having been robbed of their judgment by the brew did not then return to their dwelling but made their way to a house that served meat and cakes. There they wrecked the box from which sweet sounds did come and caused blood to flow from the nose of one that did try to restrain them. He that was in authority over the house did urge his son to make all haste to the Station and beseech he that was Orderly Centurion to bring his chariot to remove they that had caused strife.

And so it came to pass that with the rising of the sun on the day that followed, the warriors appeared on the floor covering called carpet before the Captain of the Hosts that does wear the yolk of hen fruit upon the visor



of his helmet, and he delivered unto them words of wisdom, saying. "It is fitting that warriors should partake of the fragrant brew, but not so that they should lose their soldierly bearing and offer violence to they that pay taxes. Even though they that carry the sword do intend to imbibe but one, is it not better that they remove their warrior's raiment and don their fine cloth and thus go forth to the market place to seek their pleasure." The Captain of the Hosts did decree that they that had caused strife should be committed to durance vile until the sun had risen and set XIV times. And the warriors saw the error of their ways.

—L.W.F.B.

## M.H.D.O.I.F.

Those of you who served overseas during the war will recall that great R.A.F. publication "Tee Emm" and the monthly award of the "Most Highly Derogatory Order of the Irremovable Finger". For those who were not familiar with it we should explain that this award was made to the person who made the biggest boob of the month. Names were never mentioned, and if any thing, this tended to add to the effect. On one occasion the M.H.D.O.I.F. was awarded to a Group Captain who had arrived on an airfield in an Anson and was duly met by the Orderly Officer. When asked whom he wished to see he was strangely reticent and asked to be taken to the mess. When he arrived at the mess he made straight for the notice board whereupon D.R.O.'s hung and of course the name of the station. The suggestion was that he was lost and hadn't a clue where he was until he had fixed his position by looking at "orders". The pay-off came a month later when the editors of Tee Emm reported that fourteen Group Captains had written in demanding to know how the story had come into their possession.

## TREATS FOR THE KIDDIES



Right here in the city is the only Home for Ex-servicemen's Children in the country. It's a wonderful place, supported almost entirely by voluntary contributions. Mr. and Mrs. Petersen run the home without pay and supply the love and care that is the right of every child. Over the Christmas holidays a collection was made on the Station and we were able to present the kiddies with two gifts each. We also bought a re-conditioned sound, movie projector so that they could have their own movie shows in the basement.

From time to time during the coming months we are going to try to arrange treats for the kiddies. We feel that but for our good fortune our own children could be in the home, depending on the public's generosity. If in the future you meet these children on the Station, or if you are asked to support any plan to help them, do everything in your power to help them along. Just remember they are the children of our own kind.

—L.W.F.B.

### MAN OF VALOR

A deaf man composed the world's noblest music. Twenty-five years after Beethoven had totally lost his hearing, he produced the immortal Ninth Symphony, one of the supreme achievements of human genius. Success was not handed to him on a platter. His father was a drunkard, his mother died early, he was cursed with a terrible temper, he worried constantly about money. But his imperishable music will enrich all the generations yet to be born.

# Profile

## OF THE MONTH

S/L. SCOTT ALEXANDER was born in Vancouver, the son of B.C.'s chief magistrate who was the first-born white child in that city.

In 1932 he enlisted in the R.C.M.P., and started a career that was to win for him world-wide recognition as an Arctic expert. During the ten years he was with the R.C.M.P., he was the leading figure in many incredible adventures. He served a four-year tour of duty in the Arctic with F/L. R. G. Goodey (then R.C.M.P.) and another shorter tour in the Arctic aboard the ship ST. ROCH. When he resigned to enlist in the R.C.A.F., in 1942, he was an authority on the Arctic, an Arctic shipping pilot, a marine engineer. In addition he could handle several Eskimo dialects with ease.

In the Provost branch of the R.C.A.F. he rapidly progressed through the ranks from A.C. 2, to the rank of Flight Lieutenant in two years and promoted to S/L. and later after the war reverted to the rank of Flight Lieutenant and served as Northern Adviser at A.F.H.Q.

In 1948 when the Survival Training School was started he went over to the Department of Air Services. With the development of the school he moved to Edmonton to take over in September, 1952. He was promoted to the rank of Squadron Leader in January, 1953.

—L.W.F.B.



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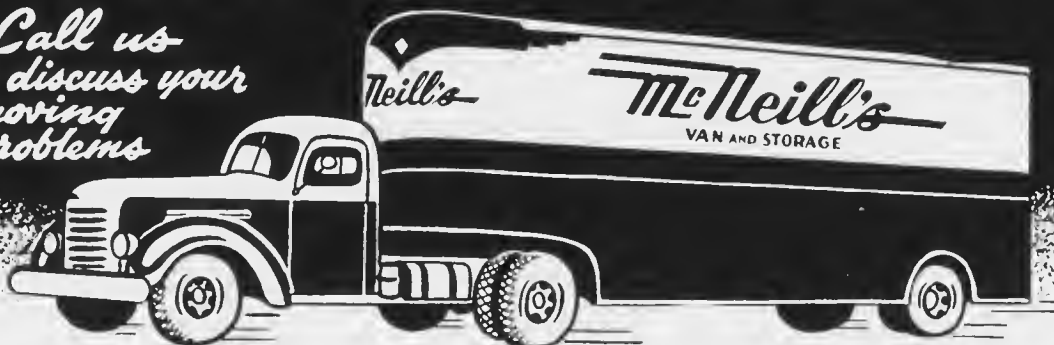
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# POWER OF ADVERTISING



How our grandparents managed to keep alive, do a day's work and remain socially acceptable is a mystery to me. The fact that they lived to become grandparents is a monument to their determination. Not for them the food of champions or any one of the 30-odd breakfast foods guaranteed to keep them full of zip throughout the day. When they stepped out of line their fathers slapped the tar out of them; there were no child psychologists.

They had to depend on beef, pork, chicken and fresh garden vegetables for body building. They were denied the advantage of choice canned meats and nourishing canned vegetables. They couldn't sit down to a meal of pork and beans, secure in the knowledge that every bean was packed with goodness and had been cooked in sauce made from plump, ripe tomatoes. Life was indeed rugged.

Try to imagine the rigors of courtship. It's a wonder grandpaw didn't give up the ghost and remain a bachelor.

After a day in an office that lacked air conditioning, acoustic tile and shadow-free lighting, he would rush home, hurry through a meal of unfortified and non-processed food and run an awful risk of suffering from heartburn and acid indigestion.

Upstairs, he would wash with soap that was probably only 50% pure and then brush his teeth with powder that did not contain chlorophyll, then he would put on shorts with ordinary buttons and a shirt that had not been pre-shrunk.

When he left the house he looked terrible and felt worse. He had a backache and that logy feeling. His gums were bleeding and he had athlete's foot. His skin was blotchy and his hair was dry and stood on end. His coat of course was covered with dandruff. Pretty messy, eh? But that's not all—he smelled like a horse and his collar almost strangled him.

In this tired, rundown condition grandpaw had to sell grandma on the idea of getting hitched. The fact that she accepted his proposal seems to indicate that in all probability she was just as much a mess as he was.

She too would be suffering. Her skin would look like skin rather than smooth cream and she would almost certainly have hair on her head instead of shimmering silk. She would not have the subtle advantage of "Pacific Passion" or "Forbidden Orchid" to put him in the mood to pop the question, and, let's face it—she smelled like a horse too.

What a setup for a romantic scene. Having greeted grandpaw at the door she would take him into a parlor that would be seriously lacking in colour harmony. To hide his nervousness the sucker would light a cigarette that hadn't been subjected to a 30-day test, and promptly go into a fit of coughing.

But grandpaw was strong on intestinal fortitude and in spite of his backache, sore gums and listless feeling he managed to propose between fits of coughing, and grandma, bless her, accepted. I don't suppose they even began to realize how wretched they were because advertising hadn't reached its present high standard of efficiency. The poor fools actually thought they were happy. They went ahead and got married and raised kids, who in turn raised us.

Aren't we lucky?

—L.W.F.B.



Working in High Places: a C119.

## M.E. BLUES

We drive all day, we drive all night.  
We do repairs on Sunday.  
And all the thanks we ever get  
Is "Don't be late on Monday!"

## SHORT SERMONS

A famous preacher once remarked to his congregation that every blade of grass was a sermon.

A few days later he was engaged in mowing his lawn when a witty member passed by, and remarked, "That's right, doctor, cut your sermons short."

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All items stamped with the "Victor" trade mark are correct in every detail of design. They are manufactured in Canada to meet the exacting requirements of the Canadian sporting public.

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# Air Defence Science Seen Peace Surety

The report of a speech given to the Winnipeg Canadian Club by Air Commodore C. L. Annis

Continuing developments in air power the world over are slowly but steadily moving mankind away from the prospects of another general war towards an era, at least physically, of peace.

"The alternative, which is the nightmare prospect of present or future airpower at war, should in itself be enough to impose peace," Air Commodore Clare L. Annis, R.C.A.F., said here on November 18th.

Under such conditions it was logical to contemplate the arena of human conflict being shifted away from the field of physical war to the realm of ideas, and of moral and mental behavior.

"It is comforting to me, a military man, to note that so many of our leaders and so large a section of our public are coming to recognize the importance and to warn of the need for our preparedness to battle in this realm," Air Commodore Annis told the Canadian Club of Winnipeg.

In an address at the Fort Garry Hotel, he made these points:

- The outstanding development in air power in the last 15 years had been strides made by the strategic air defensive towards forcing invading strategic bombers into battle.
- During the Second World War, the Germans and Japanese did an extremely poor job of conducting their air defenses.
- Radar was as dramatic in its effects on air defence as "giving sight to the blind."

Air Commodore Annis, director of the joint staffs, said the defence system laid the way open for air defence on an area basis.

"At last the bomber attack was dealing with a giant, and not a scattered group of little boys, so to speak."

## AIR DEFENCE SCIENCE

The present development in anti-aircraft was towards guided missiles, which will be electronically guided right to their targets, as well as being fitted with proximity fuses.

The future role of ground anti-aircraft defences might well be found mainly to deal with any guided missile-bomb which invading bombers succeed in launching, while future orthodox but supersonic fighters deal with the bomber, if possible before it can launch its missile-bombs.

But the flexible and versatile properties of the inhabited fighter will continue, "as far ahead as we can see clearly," to be the backbone of the air defence system.

Fixed anti-aircraft defence, even in guided missile form, would continue to be a very valuable, but junior member.

The fighter now has only a small speed margin over the bomber. This, combined with the western powers' notable strength in highly modern strategic bombers, "a lot of atomic bombs" and a world-wide strategic offensive base system had been and would continue to be for some time a decisive deterrent against open aggression on a far greater scale than we have seen it, he said.

## HOW SHOT SIZE WAS DETERMINED

Nomenclature of sporting ammunition has always been the source of considerable speculation among sportsmen. Ballistics engineers and experts are often not too clear about the origin of some of the terms, as in many instances no set pattern seems to have been followed, the dictates of custom having been accepted through the years.

"For instance," says a Remington Arms Company authority, "take the size of shot. How these various shot sizes were named has been a matter of guess for the majority of sportsmen. Shot diameter determines the size designation. Through the use of the figure 17 as the constant the story is simple. Take a Number 8 shot, subtract its diameter (.09") from 17 and you get 8, or the size designation. Here's the rest of it, in size (diameter still in hundredth inches). SEVENTEEN is the keynote."

17 — 9 equals .08"  
17 — 7½ equals .095"  
17 — 7 equals .10"  
17 — 6 equals .11"  
17 — 5 equals .12"  
17 — 2 equals .15"  
17 — 1 equals .16"  
BB equals .18"

\* \* \*

An American in London was bragging about his automobile. He ends his eulogy by declaring:

"It runs so smoothly that you can't feel it, so quietly that you can't hear it, has such perfect ignition that you can't smell it, and as for speed—boy, you can't see it!"

"But, my word, old topper," interrupted the Englishman, anxiously, "how do you know the bally thing is there?"

\* \* \*

# This Gardening Business

I hear that market gardeners and florists are becoming alarmed over the loss of business that results each summer from backyard gardens. I want them to know that they can count on my business right along; all I shall have in my back yard this year is garden furniture and whatever the dogs drag in.

A well meaning aunt sent me an encyclopedia of gardening the Christmas before last, and on glancing through it I was amazed at what a mere beginner could achieve in the way of cheap vegetables and exotic blooms. I really got into the book and soon decided to become a backyard gardener. The project turned out to be an unqualified failure.

The book said that certain types of flowers and vegetables need an early start, and that the thing to do is to get them going some 10 weeks before the usual planting out time. This seemed like a lot of effort and I wish now that I had lost my insane enthusiasm. But, I went at it and built lots of little shallow boxes. The ground was still frozen so I went to a seed merchant to buy dirt. Whoever coined the phrase "as cheap as dirt" didn't know his business; it cost three dollars for a small bag. I sowed the seeds and followed the instructions for six weeks and nothing happened so I decided to scratch around in one of the boxes to find out just what was holding the seeds back. They weren't making the least effort; they were just sitting there. I took the boxes out after dark and threw the dirt on the waste ground back of my lot (where they developed beautifully two months later.)

Then I decided to confine my efforts to the more commonplace types of plant such as peas, beans and tomatoes. I spent the next two weeks doing the work of a bulldozer: I dug, forked, hoed and raked the soil into what I understand is called a fine tilth. By this time it was early May and on the advice of an old lady who used to live on a farm, set about sowing seeds and setting out tomato plants. I didn't feel too happy about such an early planting but the old lady said I was not to worry because there wasn't going to be any more frost.

I was shocked at the casual manner in which the seed merchants instruct the gardener to plant the seeds  $\frac{1}{8}$  or  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch deep. How is one supposed to work to such close tolerance in a mass of porridge-like dirt? However I got them all nicely settled in the required depths and settled back to await results. Three weeks later all the seeds had sprouted and the tomatoes were firmly entrenched. Two days later we had frost. I went across to see the old lady who used to live on a farm to find out how mother nature had managed to outwit her, and was more than a little put out to discover that she hadn't planted her own garden yet. She was quite philosophical about my loss and suggested that I should be thankful for the experience and plant again. I was finished with old ladies and waited until the weather office promised that frosts were over. This time I planted with considerably less mathematical preci-

sion. I scraped out a furrow and kicked the seeds in and buried them. The fact that they came up proves to my satisfaction that seed merchants are merely trying to blind us with science.

I consulted the book again and it told me to hoe, hoe and hoe some more. This, it went on to explain, kept the plants free from weeds and allowed the soil to absorb moisture. I hoed and watered diligently. It was at this point that I came face to face with one of gardening's great inconsistencies. The plants are in there with every chance, they are nursed, watered, and even fed vitamin pills, and yet they don't do nearly as well as the weeds which are chopped down every other day. Why doesn't a gardener with courage try feeding the weeds and chop down the plants?

After a month in which I lavished care and attention on the plants such as I never afforded my own children the garden began to look strictly professional. I developed a nasty habit of sneering at my neighbors' gardens and offering advice in an off-hand manner.

A week later the blow fell. I came home from work to find the militarily precise rows marred by unsightly gaps. I got down on the knees of my good pants to get a close look and saw that the plants had been broken off at the base. I wasn't sure what to think so I chained up the dog and stopped talking to the neighbors. The situation gradually worsened and I took to phoning my wife four or five times a day for the latest count of my losses. I became desperate and poured out my troubles to my janitor.

"Cut worms," he said, "that's what you've got, cut worms."

After a little coaxing he told me to check along the rows just beneath the surface and chase out the cut worm. I went to the O.C. and told him that an emergency had come up at home and sped off to do battle with the invader. Six hours of scraping around produced a large can of the little horrors, mean little stinkers whose chief delight is spoiling the efforts of sincere gardeners. I fought back the urge to throw them on my neighbors' gardens (they had become cocky with my misfortune) and on the insistence of my wife put them to death painlessly.

This proved to be just the first of the trials and tribulations to which I was to be exposed. The rains came with high winds and wrote off my petunias and tomatoes; green fly took a terrible toll among my carrots and rust decimated my peas and beans. The vegetable marrows became a haven for homeless crawly things and the kids used my young melons for baseball practice. After this I guess the other plants figured that the game wasn't worth the effort and quit trying.

We did get a few small peas, stringy beans and hard, bitter radishes as far as the table, but they were not exactly a bargain. Taking into account the expenditure and figuring my time on a 50 cents an hour basis the yield cost \$4 a pound. So I quit. Why should I slave to feed a bunch of shiftless insects.

—LWFB

# Something FOR THE Ladies

## PROTECTION FOR YOUR HAIR

Salt water, sun and wind combine to make vacations hard on the hair. If your hair is long, don't let it whip mercilessly in the wind; tie it up in a scarf or ribbon to protect it.

A lanolin-base hair dressing or a special hair cream designed to protect the hair against bleaching from the sun will also help keep your locks manageable. By all means take your hair-brush, for regular brushing on vacation can help keep your hair free of dust and sand and it will also help overcome the tousled effect that results from too-frequent wetting and drying.

**For neat and professional-looking buttonholes.** Cut the buttonhole, then moisten around it with colorless nail polish. When it dries, you can make your buttonhole stitch.

## ROSY FRUIT COBBLER

Bake at 450° F. for about 25 minutes.

Makes 8 servings

### FRUIT SAUCE

### BISCUIT TOPPING

- |  |                                   |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1 ¼ cups sugar   | 2 cups sifted flour               |
| 2 tablespoons cornstarch                                       | ¼ cup sugar (for dough)           |
| ¼ teaspoon ground cloves                                       | 3 teaspoons baking powder         |
| 1 large orange   | 1 teaspoon salt                   |
| 2 tablespoons butter or margarine                              | 6 tablespoons shortening          |
| 1 ½ pounds washed rhubarb, cut in 1-inch pieces (about 6 cups) | 1 cup milk                        |
|  | 2 tablespoons sugar (for topping) |

1. Prepare fruit sauce: Blend sugar, cornstarch, and cloves in large saucepan.
2. Grate rind from orange (save for Step 8); squeeze and measure juice, adding water to make 1 cup liquid; stir into sugar-cornstarch mixture.
3. Bring to boiling, stirring constantly; add butter or margarine and rhubarb; remove from heat.
4. Prepare biscuit topping: Sift flour, sugar (for dough), baking powder and salt into medium-size bowl.
5. Cut in shortening with pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture is crumbly.
6. Pour in milk; stir with fork just until blended. (Dough will be soft.)
7. Heat rhubarb mixture to boiling; pour into 2 ½ quart baking dish; carefully spoon biscuit topping in 8 mounds over top of hot fruit.
8. Combine sugar (for topping) and reserve grated orange rind; sprinkle over tops of biscuits.
9. Bake in hot oven (450°F) about 25 minutes, or until rhubarb is tender and biscuits are glistening-brown.
10. Serve warm, plain or with cream or top milk.

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## Britain's New Anti - Submarine Aircraft

A new and improved version of the Avro "Shakleton", the Mark 2, has recently been flown for the first time. Avro's chief test pilot, Mr. J. H. Orrel, was at the controls.

Representing a considerable advance in endurance, speed and load-carrying capacity, the "Shakleton" Mark 2 is a more powerfully armed and more streamlined version of the Mark 1. The new armament consists of two 20 mm. cannons located in the nose, which are aimed by a gunner who sits above the bomb aimer.

In commenting on the test flight, Sir Roy Dobson, C.B.E., F.R.Ae.S., J.P., group director and managing director of A. V. Roe & Co., Limited, said: "Apart from the additional armament, the alterations add up to a fuselage of better streamlined shape. The single fixed tailwheel on the 'Shakleton 1' has been replaced by twin retractable wheels, the rear fuselage has been faired off so that the extremity of transparent material provides a lookout position, and the radar scanner under the nose of the Mark 1 is now fitted aft of the bomb doors in a retractable housing."

The illustration at the top of this page shows the radar scanner in a fully extended position while in that at the bottom of the opposite page it is retracted into the fuselage.

The Avro "Shakleton" is powered by four Rolls-Royce "Griffon" engines and carries a crew of ten. It has a wing span of 120 ft. (36,5 m.), a length of 92 ft. 6 in. (28,2 m.), and a height of 22 ft. 9 in. (6,9 m.). The main plane is in the mid-wing position and twin fins and rudders are mounted at the extremities of a tail plane set high on the fuselage. There is an excellent view from the search position in the nose and there are many observation windows in the fuselage.

A single bomb compartment, occupying the full width of the fuselage and enclosed by two doors, extends from a point below the front of the pilot's windscreen to several feet aft of the main plane. Fluid de-icing equipment is provided on the main plane, fins, propellers, bomb aimer's window and pilot's windscreen.

---

### CONTRADICTIONARY QUOTES

"Look before you leap."

"He who hesitates is lost."

"It's never too late to learn."

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks."





The sports contribution in future will be a regular one, and in addition to reviews of Station Sport doings, will contain sports quiz, little known sports facts, a rehash of the big time athletic records, and other items stolen from here and there which it is hoped will be of interest to the sports-minded element on the Station.

We are often amazed at how little the average member of the Station knows of the sport activity and facilities available both at Edmonton and Namao, so here is a quick run down. Badminton is being played in the Guthrie School gym, each Tuesday and Thursday, starting at 1900 hours. There are three excellent courts and racquets are provided. Tournaments are planned for singles, doubles and mixed doubles. Dependents are welcomed.

Hockey, curling and broom ball have proved popular this winter, but by the time this goes to press will have finished for the season. At Namao a good summer season is planned. Five croquet courts will be set up within the skating rink and a men's soft ball league will be organized. In addition, a mixed outdoor volley ball league will be introduced.

TacAGp sports facilities and the swimming pool is available during the season through the Station Fund's contribution to their maintenance. Sports cards are available, free of charge at the S.W.O.'s office

The Sports Committee is discussing the question of group membership in a local golf club, the same with tennis.

The sports store will be open during working hours for the withdrawal of equipment, and the drill hall in No. 5 hangar will be open one night a week, probably Thursdays, for indoor sports. Like any other Station activity your support is needed, so justify the effort made by the keen few on your behalf and turn out.

—K.H.



Group Captain H. E. Walker, C.D., is shown presenting the Station Edmonton Hockey Championship Trophy to F/S. Ferguson manager of the 418 (Aux.) Sqdn.

## FISHIN' TIPS

### WHERE TO CATCH FISH

In streams or rivers, try under overhanging banks, in pools, below rapids, edge of current at backwater pools, in rock jams, behind rock or other obstructions and over gravel and rock shoals.

In lakes and ponds look for weed beds extending above the water. Fish over submerged weed beds and around sides of them, especially where they drop into deep water. Fish both ends of connecting channels, inlets over rock or gravel shoals and sandbars. Still-fish close in to the base of steep rocks where you'll likely find deep water. Don't forget overhanging trees on hot days. Don't pass up piers, sunken cliffs, even floating rafts. Fish deep during the day and shallow, along the shoreline in the evening and at night.

\* \* \*

This bit of irony, sarcasm or something, appears in the form of a sign on a Scottish golf course:

"Members will refrain from picking up lost balls until they have stopped rolling."

## SCHOOL COLUMN...

It is interesting to hear the various remarks which parents make about their impressions of school according to 1953 standards.

The most frequent remark heard is something like this—"School today is a pleasant and happy place compared to **my** school. Now I remember a teacher I

once had . . ." Here the story varies slightly, but the theme is the same; teachers 25 years ago were tough, hard ogres and class work was a monotonous drill.

So much for the positive side of the ledger. Let's go along with a few of the loud criticisms of education which are voiced on all sides. Bearing in mind that education stems from many agencies besides school—viz: radio, magazines, home, and motion pictures—let's see what is being said against education today. Here are typical remarks:

"Schools don't teach correct English usage any more."

"Education is more concerned with amusing the child and keeping him interested than instilling fundamentals."

"More discipline of the rod and cane variety in both home and school could reduce delinquency."

And so it goes. One definition of the object of education is as follows: THE PURPOSE OF EDUCATION IS TO PERPETUATE IN OUR CHILDREN THE DESIRABLE ASPECTS OF OUR CULTURE AND TO PREPARE COMING GENERATIONS FOR LIFE AS USEFUL CITIZENS IN A DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY. If this can be accepted, then some of the apparent contradictions in education can be resolved.

Since our culture is rapidly changing, schools must remove useless and out-moded or abstruse material as necessary. The basic fact about school life still remains—**satisfaction** in any school subject can only be attained by **hard work**, and learning need not be **unpleasant**. The change in teacher-child relationship to a more informal democratic footing reflects our political faith. Democracy is on trial and we may not have too long to show these our children that it can work.

—K.E.A.

*Lustrous beauty*

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## Photo of the Month . . . .



This is pictorial proof of the power of mind over matter. The temperature was minus 15° F., and yet Ron Johnson, a Lethbridge Herald reporter, appears to be having a great time in the chilly drink at the Survival Camp at Hargwen, Alberta. We told Ron that Survival staff bathe in this fashion the year round, and that it was quite safe. We felt just a little ashamed afterwards

and spent a week expecting to hear that Ron had contracted pneumonia. He didn't. So, as we were saying it just goes to prove . . .

Readers are invited to submit photographs for the editor's consideration. Photos will be judged on their originality and quality and all entries will be returned.

---

### POORLY TIMED

Jones suggested to his wife that they go over to the neighbor's house and watch the baseball game on television. For three hours they watched the game, then sat through a wrestling match for another hour. Finally, Mrs. Jones said:

"Harry, don't you think it's about time?"

"Say," interrupted her husband, "did you come over here to jabber or to watch television?"

---

She: "I'm not myself tonight."

Brute: "Then we ought to have a good time."

Three Englishmen and a Scotsman were inseparable buddies. When one of the Englishmen died, each of his three pals owed him \$10. The Scot insisted that although he would have no further use for money, they were honor bound to repay. They agreed and on the day of the funeral, they approached the casket and one by one the two Englishmen dropped \$10 in. The Scotsman dropped in a cheque for \$30 and took out the \$20.

---

Overheard at the Survival School:

"The meat bar tastes lousy but the wrapper is nice in a stew."

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A man who had been stopping at a fashionable hotel was paying his bill.

He looked up at the cashier and asked what it was she had around her neck.

"A ribbon, of course," she said. "Why?"

"Well," he replied, "everything else is so high around here that I thought perhaps it was your garter."

To pedestrians who cross the street  
 With traffic signals red—

"You must be numbered with the quick,  
 Or you'll be numbered with the dead."

### Love-All

The late Charles Butterworth was known for his dry wit and gently anti-climactic manner. A number of years ago he attended the San Francisco Fair and strolled up to the Sally Rand exhibit. This was a tasteful little affair, in which several girls in their absolutely altogether were playing badminton. As he joined the group of admiring male spectators, Charles turned to one transfixed gentleman and asked, "What's the score?"

# THE Chaplain's PAGE

It is a rare occasion that foul language is not used when a group of our service men are gathered together in conversation. Some use profane words for punctuation in their speech. Vulgar words or vulgarity is just plain filthy talk, the kind you hear so often in the barracks when men get together to talk. Much more common, however, is the use of profane language. This consists of breaking the rule which says, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain." That word "thou" points its finger at you and at me. It says that you and I should not take God's name in vain. This means we ought not to toss God's name around carelessly.

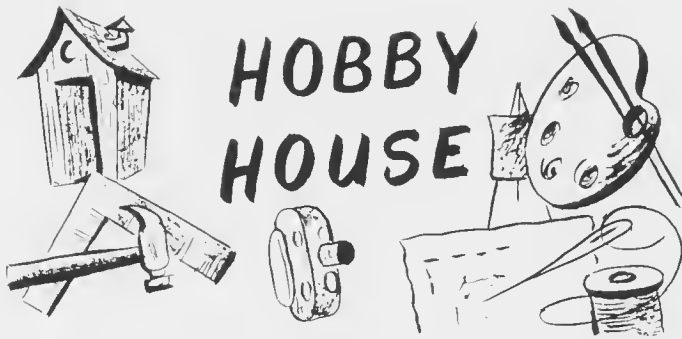
You do not want anybody taking your name or your mother's name, or your girlfriend's name and push it around. You would resent such a thing. Those names are precious. In the same way God wants His name to be so precious in your thinking and mine that we respect it as something sacred, as something to be used only when necessary. This refers to all combinations of words which have the name of God in them. Certainly also it includes the name of Jesus Christ, the "name above all names."

God gave men the gift of speech. When man uses profane language he abuses this gift to show irreverence towards his Maker, because lack of reverence towards the name of a person is irreverence towards the person. When a man prays he asks God to bless him, his family, his sweetheart, his marriage, his food, etc. Then by cursing in the next breath he asks God to curse and damn everything in sight. It doesn't make much sense does it, to ask God to damn the things He has made?

Profanity can become a habit, but like any other habit it can be overcome. Some men, because of this ugly habit feel embarrassed when they "accidentally" use it in the presence of ladies or children. Such language, however, is not used by or in the presence of gentlemen either.

Some practical means of correction must be used to get rid of that habit. Use some other harmless words to let off steam with. Inflict some penalty on yourself, like passing up a smoke, for every time you catch yourself using this kind of language. Let manliness of character shine forth by our non-use of such language.

—Father Lynch



## HOBBY HOUSE

In this day and age a hobby is considered necessary to our well being. Doctors and insurance companies claim that a man who rides a hobby horse lives longer. Working with our hands at something we enjoy releases tensions and prevents our stomachs from becoming ulcer plots.

We can't make up our minds whether you pursue your hobbies at home or you just don't want to live longer. At Namao we have one of the best equipped hobby shops in the service which is rarely used by more than four people in any one evening. There is always an expert carpenter in attendance, so even if you don't know a hammer from a power saw you can soon get genned up, and start in producing some pretty fancy furniture. You would be surprised how much you can make for a little expenditure. The satisfaction you derive from building up your possessions is more than worth the effort.

We know of one chap who made two beds, a book-case and a radio combination in one winter. His wife thought he was a hero, and lets him out nights now.

For a fee of 10c a night you can have the use of the tools and equipment; materials are available at cost.

Put ten years on your life and money in the bank—ride a hobby horse.

### Kid Stuff

Two little boys were passing a nudist colony when they noticed a hole in the fence. As kids will do, one went over to inspect the goings-on inside. "Hey, there are a lot of people in there."

"Men or women?" asked the other little boy.

"I donno. They have no clothes on!"

Not more than twenty-five buildings in the entire world have as many as thirty-five elevators. Yet one transatlantic liner—the Queen Elizabeth—has thirty-five of them to service its fourteen decks.

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# WHAT'S COOKING ?

The editor has asked for a short column on what is doing at Station Edmonton and Namao. Although he hasn't said so, I have a nasty feeling that all he really wants is a space filler. I'll fool him, however, and write a column packed full with gen and information.

Now then, you may well ask, what kind of information do I intend to convey. Will it be fact, nonsense, gossip or fiction? Quite frankly I don't know rightly myself; all I have are a few ideas. One thing, however, is certain, it won't contain any Namao gossip. There will be no chatty human-interest yarns telling how little Johnny broke his right index finger, between the first and second joints, playing marbles at recess. Nor will I attempt to pass on such news items as Mrs. So and So is in her first month. Rather I envisage a column devoted to discussing the various little problems which beset service personnel, particularly those who reside in the mud-hole we affectionately call Namao. In this regard I would be only too pleased to hear suggestions from readers regarding the problems they would like discussed. Send us your beefs and moans about service life, and life at Namao. If they are worth while we'll discuss them.

Now for a few items of information.

You may have heard that a swimming pool will be built at Namao this summer. Don't you believe it? A swimming pool, when it comes, will probably be of the indoor type and will form part of a large recreational building. When the recreational building will be constructed is anyone's guess. Mothers will still have to rely on the family bathtub for little Beelzebub's annual bath.

Seen any good movies lately? Well if you haven't, don't count on seeing any at Namao in the near future. A short while ago plans were well underway to show 35 mm. films in the school auditorium. Unfortunately, however, some exceptional character with an inquiring mind asked if the projection room met Alberta Government standards. Needless to say, it didn't. There has been some talk about showing 15 m.m. but to date there has been no progress in this regard.

Now then, how about telephones. As most of you know the new automatic and costly dial system has been installed at Namao. Any resident at Namao can now have a phone, providing he is willing to pay the

tolls. Judging from the number of phones installed and the number of applications received by the Alberta Government Telephones, residents aren't exactly knocking themselves out putting in applications. Incidentally, word has seeped down that the AGT is beginning to realize that people won't pay the tolls and, as a result, they are contemplating charging only the flat rate. Well, we can dream, can't we?

Before closing we must pass on some good news. The roads in the PMQ area are scheduled to be paved this summer. Mothers can now look forward to a new experience: their children will come home covered in tar instead of mud. Little by little Namao is losing its quaint frontier-like atmosphere.

Next month we'll discuss how to get your PMQ painted in one easy operation.

## Continuous quality year after year

# MATCHES AND HATCHES



## MATCHES

Cpl. K. Wangler married Evelyn Florence Schram at Spence Grove, Alta., on 8 March.

L.A.C. E. Kleingeist married Celine Courtereille at Edmonton on 14 March, 1953.

Cpl. J. Happy married Joan Ann Bass at Toronto on 18 April.

## HATCHES

To F/S R. Couzic on 3 February, a daughter, Coleen Anna.

To Cpl. J. Mitchell on 3 January, a son, William Greg.

To L.A.C. J. Molten on 21 January, a son, John Rodney.

To W.O.2 Cessford on 20 April, a daughter, Donna Lynn.

To S/L V. T. Woods on 17 March, a daughter, Sandra Anne Lindsay.

## THE TEACHER

Behind her ink-stained desk, as on a bridge  
Above a deck of upturned eyes,  
She sits, the captain of a noisy crew  
That little cares where Knowledge lies.  
Adroit, discreet, her sternness but a mask  
To leave her mistress of tumultuous youth,  
She trims the sails of discipline and steers  
The devious course that leads to Truth.  
Staid watcher of soft growth still April-small,  
She, from the calm that autumns bring,  
Sees life reborn in yearly bursts of bloom  
And old despairs made glad with spring.  
And sensing from the bud the open flower,  
She guards those petals half-unfurled,  
And in a casual hand made white with chalk  
She holds and molds the coming world.

—Arthur Stringer

## REQUEST

The second course of the table d'hôte was being served. "What is this leathery stuff?" demanded the corpulent diner.

"That sir, is a fillet of sole," replied the waiter.

"Take it away," said the diner, "and see if you can't get me a nice tender piece of upper, with the buttons removed."

## Station Library

You are invited to pay a visit to our Station Library. Even though you are not the type who is interested in books allow me to introduce our staff:

L.A.W. Peggy McGovern — Librarian

L.A.W. Ella Hanson — Assistant Librarian

In the line of current best sellers we recommend from our shelves

MATADOR by — Barnaby Conrad

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THE CRUEL SEA by — Nicholas Monsarrat

"A full and magnificent picture of life at sea on active service."

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